



# The Creative Woman

Quarterly



Snow Flowers

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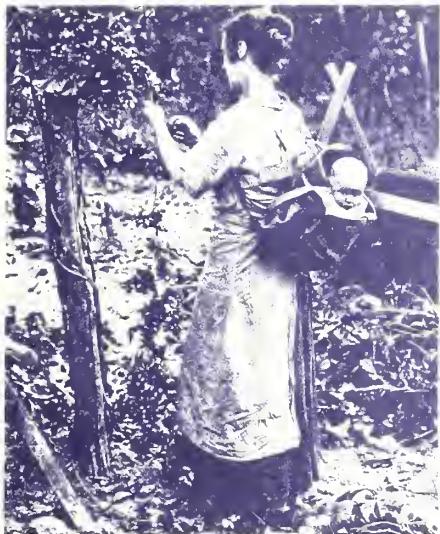
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Cover photograph  
Rhoda Riley

## INTRODUCTION

This is a very special issue of The Creative Woman, an issue dedicated to the lyrical, the imaginative works of contemporary writers. Presented here is a sampling of the excellent submissions sent to The Creative Woman in recent months. They represent creativity in progress--women engaged in the synthesis of the human condition in personal terms and expressed through their fiction, poetry, criticism. Our authors have achieved varying degrees of recognition. Not all would even claim writing as their primary profession. But the unique expression of womanhood which marks their work possesses an immediacy, a universality of experience that needs sharing. We proudly do so in the following pages.

*Joan Lewis, Poetry Editor*



### To our readers:

The special issue on Women and the American Frontier has been rescheduled for Winter 1982. Dr. Beeton invites articles describing the frontier experience in a historical context.

### THE CREATIVE WOMAN Summary of Printing Expense

<u>Vol.</u>	<u>No.</u>	<u>Topic</u>	<u># pages</u>	<u>Cost</u>
1977				
	I-1	Newsletter	12	\$ 244.00
	I-2	Literature	20	340.00
1978	I-3	Religion	20	287.00
	I-4	Science	28	449.00
	II-1	Art	20	592.00
	II-2	Potpourri	16	355.00
1979	II-3	Communication	40	579.00
	II-4	Feminist Scholarship	24	290.00
	III-1	Politics	36	615.00
	III-2	Year of the Child	36	764.00
1980	III-3	Sailing	32	1,006.00
	III-4	Psychology	38	1,092.00
	IV-1	Energy	44	718.00
	IV-2	Aging	48	1,450.00

### THE MONEY CRUNCH

Inflation has hit The Creative Woman, just as it has hit everyone else. Our printing costs have doubled. Mailing costs are expected to rise. What can you do about it? Glad you asked:

- (1) Please, if your subscription has expired, renew now.
- (2) Order a gift subscription for a friend.
- (3) Send us an encouraging donation.
- (4) Accept our thanks for your invaluable support.

WE NEED YOU!

In Memoriam  
by Carol Felder

In this area, Yehrzeit candles are hard to find. And, if I found one, in the corner of a supermarket, it would be embarrassing, like carrying my Jewishness to the check-out counter. A whisper of strange rites to roll across the rubber conveyer with my grapefruits and Charmin toilet paper. I have to look up the spelling of Yehrzeit and I know as little of the memorial rites as the check-out clerk. But my mind carries the image of men in a synogogue, rising, and moving their bodies back and forth. I don't remember if I was ever there or if it is just one of those pictures that I've seen and has stayed with me.

Like pictures of immigrants.

The candles are ugly, mother. A heavy glass filled with wax and a short stump that keeps burning for 24 hours until it flickers out. What kind of image of life is that? Better for the glass to have some fragility. For the wick to be long and tapered. No, no, this is a heavy, functioning reality. The light keeps sinking, to death.

My love is weighty. It lies on my heart and constricts my throat with tears. I always see you in the New York streets with a heavy tweed suit and a pocketbook I can hang on to to keep up with your rushing pace. Or I see you where you're not: in the halls of the house on East Twelfth Street. Or I hear myself calling your office and wondering who to ask for. If I say Mrs. Blum I feel shut out, like a stranger; if I ask for my mother I feel like a child. I envy how clear it is for the girl who works for you: Monia, she calls, your daughter's on the phone.

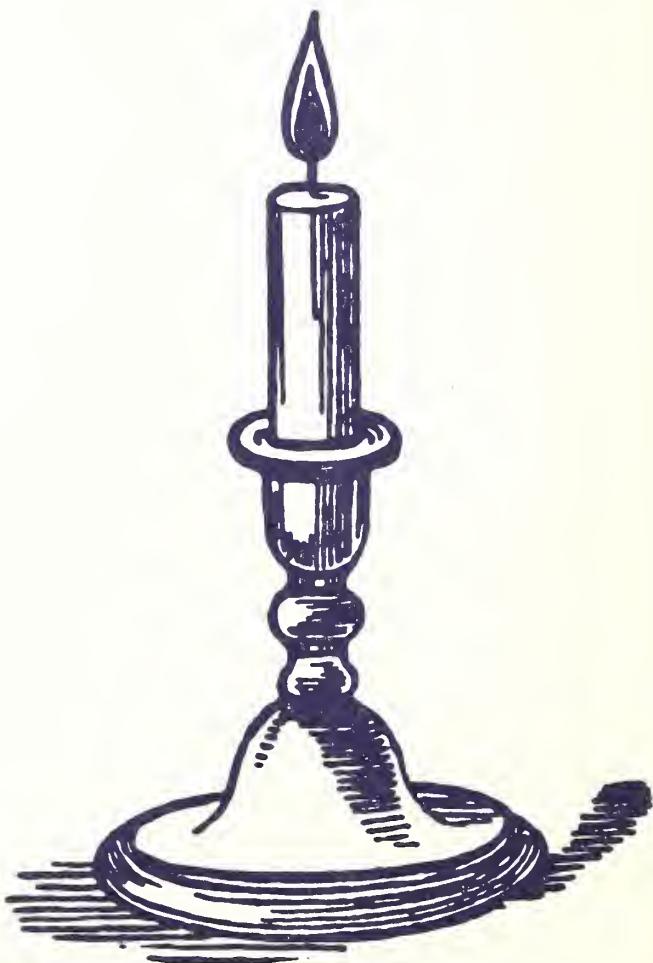
I remember my terror on the August day you died. I could sketch each detail of the hospital room.

But what was the date? And even if I remembered that, the candle lighting changes each year.

Every summer I've been afraid of forgetting. I've always looked for the Jewish calendar early in June, circled the date, then underlined it. And, each year, not knowing the prayers or proper rites, I've trusted dumbly that the spirits would understand as I put my head in a kerchief, mumbled the only Hebrew words I knew, and then tried to speak to you. Never a very satisfactory ceremony as I tried to tell you that I hope everything is all right and that I love you.

Please, God, I whisper. But I don't know what comes next.

Mother, do you know that ants have eight legs, not six? And if you crush them in napkins you will hear a crunch. If you scoop them



up, thinking they're dead, you'll find them crawling out of the garbage. Ants have a lot of life. This morning I watched and I knew I'd be paralyzed next time I find them crawling around the food. I'll pretend I didn't see. I'll enter the rushing world where there are things to be done and where you must get the highchair clean.

I want to look at things clearly, not with gaudy sentiment.

In all of my images, your life is a picture of hope, recurring and unfulfilled, and of sadness. If it is true that we create our own lives perhaps we also create our parent's. From all your different experiences could I have put together a picture of a different life? Does your sadness lie more in me than in you? Do I remember only the most poignant stories?

I have a photograph of you, a new American, in a white sailor blouse and a pleated skirt. But who told me of the 12-year-old refugee traveling and hiding for two years before escaping to America? From where did I get the story of you and your mother inching across a frozen river at night carrying bushes as a camouflage? And who remembered that you found school so enchanting you said that hearing the bell was like awakening from a dream? I only remember one story coming from you: for a clerk's job you stood in a Depression line four blocks long and 30 years later you were still amazed that you were hired. We pretended that the story explained why you seldom missed a day of work.

I am suspicious that the lives of everyone's immigrant parents sound alike but the suspicions lie in another part of me.

I think the calendar is in the bottom drawer of my jewelry box. This year as I move toward it some-

thing moves right below the surface of my mind and I keep a thought from exploding. Surreptitiously, as I am dusting, I push the box to the back of my dresser. I haven't let myself know yet that a decision has been made.

I lie in bed and listen to the constant electric hum of crickets. Yet even as I acknowledge that the summer is over I explain to the air-- if as a spirit you know that I didn't light the candle, you must understand the reasons. Do you know that I have two children now and I don't know how to mother them? I drive through little towns and watch mothers and their children out on the lawns. Is that how it should be?, I wonder. But, like you, I go away all day and when I'm home, I'm too eager to please. I dream of eating the sand in the children's sandbox. White grains fill my mouth with dust and rise to the surface of my skin, scratching at my pores. I awake with nausea and in the darkness try to confront my discomfort.

Insistently the crickets hum the sound of my anger. The words are distant. They take shape in the self-pitying child who has made herself in the image of your self-effacement. But you were there for outsiders, the child cries. A large boned woman with a strong voice; the clerk who became the secretary, then the manager, then the boss. You walked through the factory with assurance. You lectured Hadassah colleagues on the dangers of Zionism. Yet at home you would never even choose a restaurant, "Where do you want to go?" -- that echo was all we could get of you.

I am ready for a clearer tune. I am ready for your passion.

I want. I want.

My yearning drives out across

the lawn and becomes mourning for  
the small white butterflies that  
hover above the grass. Along with  
the August heat, they are gone  
for the year. The air is clearing  
for fall. The children's pool  
is collecting mud in the garden.  
I would like you to be here. I  
would like to see the transparency  
of your skin again. I would like  
to hear the strength of your voice.  
Loving the order and gentleness  
of English gardens, you would not  
like our lawn. But you would like  
the pond dug into the hillside. And  
you would not say, but I think you  
would also like the rugged cliff.

Tonight, mother, I will light  
a candle for you. It will be  
long and tapered and I will hang it  
on the deck, out over the cliff.  
Probably I will mumble a prayer.  
Even now I can feel it forming in  
my throat. But I will mumble no  
Hebrew and I will not cover my head.  
I will look at the candle directly.  
Full face. This is for your grand-  
mother, I will tell my children.  
You never knew her. She is strong,  
I will say. Because I know, now,  
that my anger will not kill you.  
And it is small, mother, very small  
compared with the excitement of  
seeing you tonight.

Don't blow at the fire. It  
adds magic to the darkness and it  
is keeping your grandmother warm.  
She likes that.

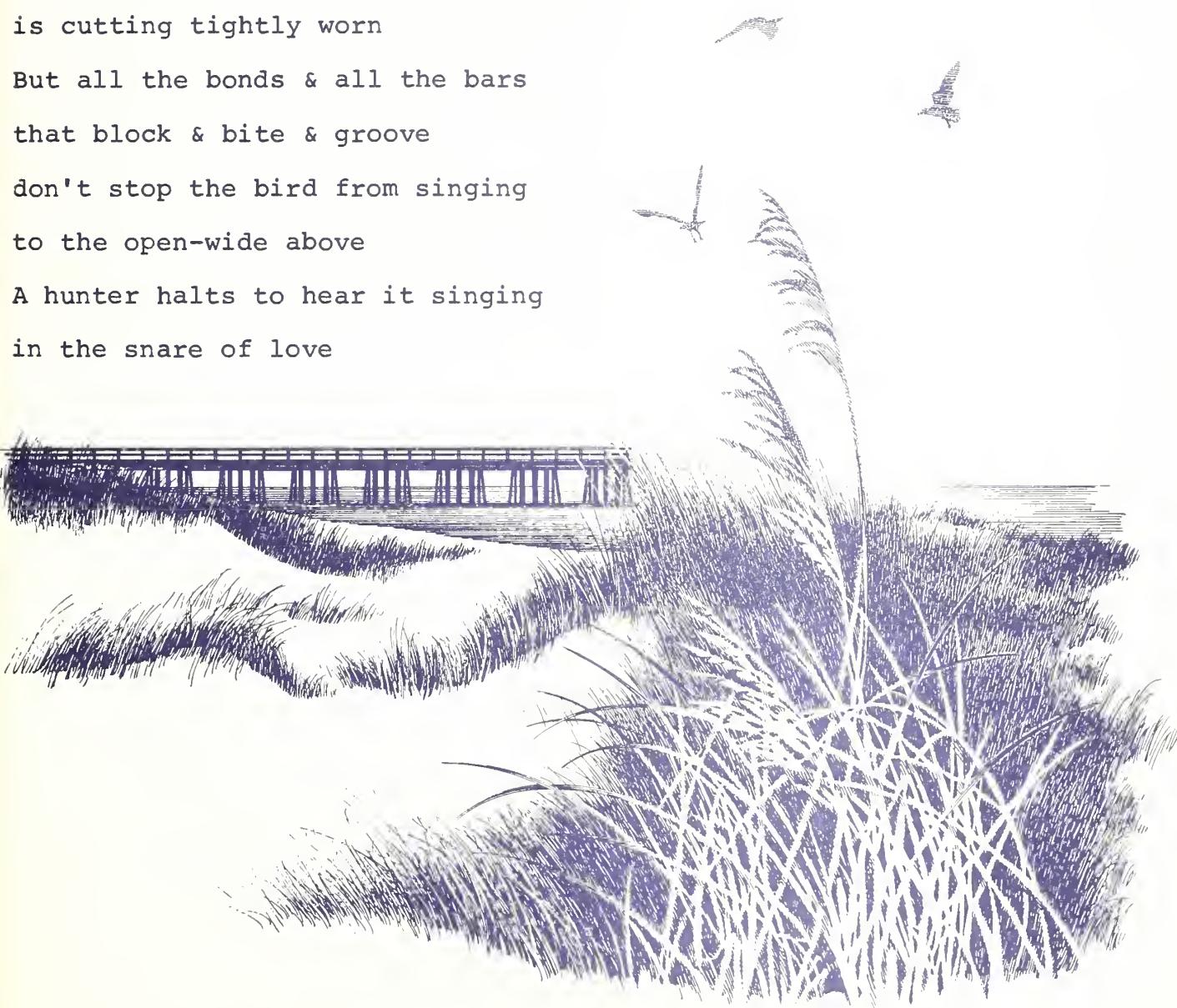


THE LOVE-BIRD

Captured near the wildest-heart  
beneath the ever-blue  
Bound against the promise tree  
the greenest always-true  
tamed & fed, its song of hope  
sounds through the cage of thorn  
the golden thread about its toes  
is cutting tightly worn  
But all the bonds & all the bars  
that block & bite & groove  
don't stop the bird from singing  
to the open-wide above  
A hunter halts to hear it singing  
in the snare of love

STONE-EATERS

We  
the lichen  
eat stone and live  
to tell the story.  
The rocks just sit there  
listening.



MORNING GLORY GIRLS

Splitting away from youth  
the childmother dangles a golden braid  
over the baby's basket.  
  
Five pink anenome tendrils clutch and release  
the shining cord  
  
linking infant to child to infinite wild wheeling  
stars  
  
scattered behind the eyelids of  
morning glory girls  
  
whose early lust has knotted them to earth  
by a banded rope of hair.

PROTECTED MAMA

Watermelon breasts rest on a wash-tub belly  
heavy laden she spreads the arms of the chair  
clasping her flesh in tight embrace  
folds on folds somewhere between guard her  
secret place  
  
from invading armies of sharp pricked men  
who would stave her spirit  
  
through and through  
  
had she not this cushioned fortress  
Who knows what devils might have entered  
  
laughing

ready for a bite of watermelon

by Lynn Wasnak

LOVE AND DANGER  
by Dawn Webber

"These things we know, but not those that he felt when he descended into the last shade of all."

--Jorge Luis Borges,  
El Hacador

When she woke up, the sun was slanting down across the Carolina flatland and into the sunporch at a strange angle. It wasn't her first inkling of wrongness, of danger. Something unnamed and terrible had swooped down from pinpricks of hot August stars, hung about heavily in the yard, and condensed into moisture to seep under the door and slowly into her bones. Joints ached and prickled and fingers grew numb. Worst of all, something in her throat itched and pried, making her eyes water and roll around uncontrollably.

As the morning sun set its blood in the sky she resolved to go home. Tom and Margaret-Rose had been right. She shouldn't have come. The journey was too long and too exhausting for a used up body like hers.

She pulled herself up off the daybed and forced stiff legs to move. Picking through dark flowery rooms, once so comfortable and true, she felt alien. Though she was born and raised here with her seven brothers and sisters, it wasn't important anymore. The only important thing was the impatient darkness inside her. The face in the bathroom mirror looked gray and flaccid, like old dough.

She limped into the small kitchen with its sloping floor and wooden sink, and slumped at the notched oak table built by Father. Head in hands, she tried to muster strength. She had to go home. It

was as incontrovertible as the shape of the veins in her hands. It would be hard, but heaven knew she was used to doing hard things. She had never dwelt much on memory, but now in her need she descended into that old vertigo of reality mixed with dreams and brought up a childhood recollection as vivid and precise in her mind as a beam of sunlight on small change. She was eight and her major accomplishments had been in school. Her father was a stern Scots-Irish farmer who demanded simple obedience to himself and his religion, but her mother had been a country schoolteacher who demanded from all her children a devotion to books. School was not to be trifled with. This particular day she was late in her preparations for the three mile walk to school and the stubborn knot in her shoelace just wouldn't budge. She grabbed a fork to pry it out. The fork pulled and slipped, and in one shattering instant jabbed her right eye into unending darkness.

She tried breakfast, a boiled egg and some toast, but nothing would go down. Somehow the hot tea got her going. She pulled black knit stockings over the ridged geography of her legs, slipped on an ageless black dress and a black felt hat. Everything else she needed went into a large shopping bag with her purse. Bag in one hand, folded umbrella in the other, she locked the door and said goodbye to the porch where she had lain as a child, picking animals out of the puffy clouds scudding across southern sky.

Walking was hard on the dry rutted red clay. She went slowly, picking along with the tip of her umbrella. Moisture hung in the hot air, beaded the blackberry leaves. After a while, rivulets of sweat ran down the backs of her legs and into her shoes. Her body felt wet, cold and hot at the same time.

It was as if a bee had stung her insides and she could feel the poison gradually seeping into every vein. The pain, the road, the bus, everything hung right out in front of her like wash on a line. She lifted her left foot, her right foot, she walked on and on. Home was calling to her the way it calls to migratory birds when spring comes.

Her vision seemed to explode into a million tiny dots, and she could see between the spaces. At times, she felt like she was sitting behind her eyes and looking out through a tunnel. Her bag grew heavy.

When she reached the bus stop, lone and isolated on this back-country highway, she leaned against the post and took ragged breaths. Her body was feverish and turning in, but her mind was floating out over the steamy swamps like some exotic bird. In the crowded marketplace of her mind, she purchased another memory. It was during the Depression; Julia had died of tuberculosis and left her with Margaret-Rose. The child had become hers, and she had supported them both by long, tedious hours over the sewing machine, her slender fingers pin-pricked and her one good eye squinting to see if the seams were straight. A second memory sprang out of that one, and she saw Ralph, the man she had loved, a widower with four children. He had wanted to marry her, but he didn't want Margaret-Rose. He said four children were enough, and Margaret-Rose could go with one of the other sisters. She had known her duty. She had turned him down.

The sun was sitting high in the sky when the bus rumbled up in a cloud of dust and flapped its door open. She tried to put a good face on her misery as she took each step one at a time. Her heart was thumping in her ears and her vision was glowing white and starting

to come apart again when a strong hand reached out and pulled her up the rest of the way. The voice was thin and high, an old man's voice, but when she looked up she saw he was a square-jawed young man with longish brown hair hanging down from the sides of his busdriver's cap. He looked at her with bottomless brown eyes and the gold in his teeth gleamed.

"Mornin' M'am. Reckon you've had yourself quite a walk. Set down and rest a spell before you pay me. I know you're not gonna be runnin' away anytime soon."

She collapsed in a small black bundle on the first seat of the half-empty bus. Her mouth was dry and her teeth felt glued together. Somehow she must get through the long ride ahead. The afternoon inched by like globules rising in a syrup jar--slow, sticky.

The blue eye of the bus pulsated through the night and down the lonely roads like a wild star. Mountains with uncertain peaks wafted by on waves of chill. Her face felt hot and dry while her body shivered with cold. Old visions and discarded dreams jounced in her head in regular intervals with the lurching of the bus. In that half-conscious state between wake and sleep, she again saw through the spaces and the angel of mercy appeared. She could have, if she had known, compared him with a stylized kabuki dancer, his long mane flashing in a continuous motion as he guarded the edge of her vision. But she saw him as a series of continuously flashing, winding lights, starting at the upper corner of her eye and dancing down until he eventually encompassed her whole vision. She had last seen him in the recovery room after the doctors had cut off her right breast. This was a memory that came back without bitterness; it

was little enough to give in return for her life.

The Chicago bus station smelled of urine, like all bus stations. She was weak-kneed, exhausted to the pit of her stomach, her face grimy and shiny. Somehow she walked the gray blocks to the train station, though she was electrified with fear at her diminishing vision. The train was moving and she had settled into the vinyl seat when her vision cleared.

She leaned her head against the pitted window. Clouds of dust billowed by. Her eye rode the telephone wires. Out of her memory rose the bright spectre of Danny, her first grand-nephew. She had told him and his friends so many times not to play on the lumber pile behind the barn. But Danny's disdain in the face of danger was awesome. He would climb to the top of the pile and dance along the edge, then jump down yelling Tarzan or some such thing. The day she heard the children screaming, she knew immediately and without doubt what had happened. She rushed outside to see Tom carrying Danny around the barn. The boy's once bright eyes were dimmed and glazed and blood ran from his mouth. She had held his crushed body close to her own as Tom had driven them to the hospital. He died before they got there.

When the leaves shone on the spindly trees like silver half-dollars and wild daisies buttered the scrub grass between the tracks, she knew she was home. She descended the train, and as it sighed into the flat distance, she moved her numb body into the small station and dialed home to tell them to come get her. Gathering her forces one last time she made her way to the old wooden pew. Margaret-Rose soon scurried into

the station and grabbed her hands. "Nannie! You're pale as wax!"

Outside it rained, water graying the air like some elemental spirit. But the rain was no symbol for the dying woman. She lay in the dim room, which smelled of formaldehyde and was bathed in a peculiarly hallucinatory light like all hospital rooms. For the first time in her life she allowed herself to be surrounded by iron bars. Her kidneys stopped functioning. Margaret-Rose sat with her, relieved often by Tom. It was odd that it was Tom who stood by her bed for hours, stroking her steely, thin hair and holding her cold hands. When he and Margaret-Rose had married, they had insisted that she come live with them, wouldn't have it any other way. But as she had grown older, their relationship had grown colder, more distant. He had not taken it kindly when the children would run to her arms after being scolded by him. Her eccentricities, like always having to be on time for everything to the point of calling out the time every ten minutes, had gotten more noticeable, less easy to bear. But certain grave instances in life blot out old grudges and vapid resentments. So it was Tom who stood beside her.

She did not die that night or the next. But on Friday morning before dawn, Tom standing beside her, her face looking as though it were chiseled from granite, her light and her memories slipped from the world.

---

BECOMING

She rides the backs of fleckless snow swans  
On water pure as when earth began.  
In the wake foams possibility  
Endless in motion and direction.  
Ahead, the still blue lake freezes her  
Image in glassy silence; she mouths  
The cry of eternity while a  
Restless bird spreads its wings before flight.

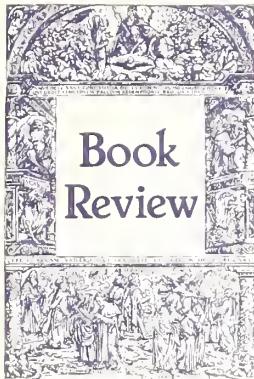
WILD WIND

caress her hair, wild wind  
kiss that pale cheek  
with your quick fire  
carry her in certain arms  
to virgin horizons  
no other lover dare



WHEN YOU WEARY

When you weary  
of the night-long war,  
Keeping the wolves  
at bay,  
Come rest your armor  
at my door  
And we'll laugh  
the darkness away.



## Book Review

BOOK REVIEW  
by Lynn Thomas Strauss

Shikasta by Doris Lessing.  
Great Britain, Jonathan Cape Ltd, 1979.

Reading the evening newspaper closely, one is struck by the fearsome resemblances between the daily realities reflected there and the new world of galactic empires and dying planets crafted by Doris Lessing in her newest book, Shikasta.

Shikasta is the first of a series called Canopus in Argos: Archives. The second novel in the series will be called The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four and Five. The third will be The Sirian Experiments.

Shikasta is the story of a new world, its history, its peoples, its destruction and its rebirth. The story is set in the cosmic realm; experimental species, conflict between humans and the forces of nature and galactic warfare are only some of the themes developed here.

In a description of this world early in the book, Ms. Lessing says, "This is a catastrophic universe always; and subject to sudden reversals upheavals, changes, cataclysms, with joy never anything but the song of substance under pressure forced into new forms and shapes."

The scope of this work is awesome. The reader becomes a student of the history of the colonial rule of the Empire Canopus on the Planet Shikasta.

At times it was difficult to think "big" enough to take in this massive work. Often I felt myself transported into Ms. Lessing's cosmic sphere unable to distinguish fact from fiction. I, as a reader, sometimes found myself too exhausted and overwhelmed from my participation in this sphere to continue my reading. As always in Ms. Lessing's work, painful questions are raised and even more painful solutions offered.

Early in the book, I was swept into a world of giants, geometric cities, The Signature, The Century of Destruction, and a species whose life span was four or five thousand years long.

The Empire of Canopus has colonized the Planet Shikasta and is continually sending emissaries to

Photo by Peter Nicholas Lessing



work, without the Shikastans knowledge, for the preservation of the species. The species is in the grip of destruction by the forces of the evil planet Shammat of the Empire Putoria. Shammat feeds on the goodness and strength of Shikasta, siphoning off the Substance-Of-We-Feeling (SOWF) that is provided in a limited but continuing flow from Canopus to Shikasta. If the species can survive there is a promise that the small flow of SOWF will some day become a flood. SOWF is described as a cosmic flow of positive energy, but when overpopulation of Shikasta occurs there is not enough to go around. Also atmospheric pollutants effectively block the flow of SOWF.

Without enough SOWF the symptoms of decay increase. During this period in Shikastan History there is a rapid growth of fear and suspicion among people and nations. Terrorism, militarism and racial hatred increase. Lost to the Shikastans is the understanding of Duty--that something was due by them, was strange, inconceivable news. They were set only for taking or being given. Lost also was the experiencing of a child as a miracle...the understanding that the child has the capacity to be everything. That a child holds all the history of the human race--having in the substance of her body and her thoughts everything that had ever happened to every person of humankind.

During the period between the wars, called on Shikasta World War II and World War III, it becomes clear that total destruction of the civilizations of Shikasta is unavoidable. Yet there is hope because, "There is something else, and stronger than anything: the well-being, the always renewing, regenerative, healing force of nature; feeling one with the other creatures of Shikasta and its soil, and its plants.

The lowest, the most downtrodden, the most miserable of Shikastans, will watch the wind moving a plant, and

smile; will plant a seed and watch it grow; will stand to watch the life of the clouds. Or lie pleasurabley awake in the dark, hearing wind howl that cannot-not *this* time-harm him where he lies safe. This is where strength has always welled, irresponsibly, into every creature of Shikasta."

So Canopus is at work attempting to preserve the best of Shikasta--for a future is possible.

We learn of all this through the reports of Johor, emissary to Shikasta, arriving through zone six as the child George Sherban. As he matures and takes leadership in the youth armies, we understand much of life on Shikasta through the journal of his sister, Rachel Sherban. These documents are supplemented by additional letters, reports, notes and illustrations with important background information provided through excerpts from the Volumes of The History of Shikasta. This compilation of documents serves to inform us of all significant aspects of life on Shikasta.

One theme developed in this novel that I hope will be explored further in the other books of this series is the conflict on Shikasta between the cultures and countries of the northern hemisphere and those of the southern hemisphere. In Shikasta a Mock Trial was staged on the highest levels of the Combined Youth Armies of the World. The Defendant was the White Races. The Prosecutors, the Dark-skinned Races. The Trial, held in the circular stone ruins of huge amphitheaters in a country called Greece, took several months to complete. All that time was spent in testimony for the prosecution which took the form of long indictments offered by representatives of each of the Dark-skinned Races. At the culmination of weeks of this kind of emotion-charged cataloging of the crimes of the White Races against the Dark-skinned Races in an atmosphere of extreme physical crowding, intense heat and shortages of food and water it came time finally to hear the

defense. The representative of The White Races, (George Sherban) stood up and made this statement, "I plead guilty to everything that has been said. How can I do anything else?"

But the book does not end here, the readers' acquaintance with the Empire Canopus has just been struck. There are certainly worlds to go for Doris Lessing and for us.

Ms. Lessing in her introduction tells us that the second volume in this work has turned out to be a fable or myth, but oddly enough more realistic than Shikasta.

It is the tension between the mythical and the real that provide much of the power of Shikasta. I eagerly look forward to further cosmic journeys guided by the skill and daring of Doris Lessing.

Readers may expect reviews of the second and third volumes of the trilogy in future issues of The Creative Woman.



## A FILM “Right Out of History” about Judy Chicago’s “Dinner Party”

February 19, 1981 7:00 p.m. Engbretson Hall

Sponsored by the Women's Resource Center, the Art Department and The Creative Woman.  
Governors State University

TATIANA MAMONOVА'S "PREAMBLE":  
SEVEN TRANSLATIONS



Tatjana Mamanova

ПРЕАМБУЛА

Как это рождалось?  
В страданиях--  
Как рождается человек!  
Как это стало прекрасным?  
Через печаль--  
Как лицо человека  
Как пришла к этому?  
восиком--  
Как приходят в возлюбленный город.  
Как нашла это?  
Трудно--  
Как находят друзей  
Как нашла вас  
Читающих эти строки!

Praambel

Wie ist es entstanden?  
Mit Leiden  
wie der Mensch, wenn er geboren wird.  
Wie konnte es so schon werden?  
Durch die Trauer,  
wir das Gesicht des Menschen.  
Wie bist du dahingekommen?  
Barfuss,  
wir man in eine glibte Stadt kommt.  
Wie hast du es gefunden?  
Schwierig,  
wir man Freunde findet,  
wie ich euch fand,  
die diese Zeilen lesen.

Russian - German  
Translation from "Courage 3" (March 1980)

PREAMBULO

¿Como nacio' esto?  
En el sufrimiento  
¡Como nace una persona!  
¿Cómo se hizo hermoso?  
A través del dolor  
Como la cara de una persona  
¿Cómo llegue' a esto?  
Descalza  
Como se viene a la ciudad amada  
¿Cómo encontre' esto?  
Con dificultad  
Como se encuentra a los amigos  
Como los encontre' a ustedes,  
¡Los lectores de estas líneas!

English/Spanish Translation By:  
Teresa B. Duron

PREAMBLE  
How was this born?  
In suffering  
As a person is born!  
How did this become beautiful?  
Through sorrow  
Like the face of a person.  
How did I arrive at this?  
Barefooted  
As one comes to a beloved city.  
How did I find this?  
With difficulty  
As one finds friends,  
As I found you,  
The readers of these lines!

Russian - English  
Translation by Suzanne Prescott

# Préambule

Comment est-ce né?  
 Dans la douleur  
 comme naît l'homme!  
 Comment est venue la merveille?  
 par la tristesse  
 comme le visage de l'homme.  
 Comment y suis-je arrivée?  
 pieds nus  
 comme on parvient à la ville bien aimée  
 Comment l'ai-je trouvé?  
 difficilement  
 comme on trouve ses amis  
 comme je vous ai trouvés  
 vous qui lirez ces lignes!

(translated from the Russian by  
 Judith Stora-Sandor, des femmes en  
 mouvements hebdo, Paris)

## पूर्वकथन

यह कैसे पैदा हुई?  
 तकनीकों में  
 जैसे शक इंसान पैदा है।  
 यह कैसे सुन्दर बनी?  
 दुरब फैल कर  
 शक इंसान के मुख्य के समान।  
 मैं यहां कैसे पहुंची?  
 नंगे भौं  
 जैसे कोई उपने प्रिय नगर में पहुंचे।  
 मुझे यह कैसे मिला?  
 बड़ी काठनाइयों से  
 जैसी किसी को शक दोष्ट मिल जाये,  
 जिस तरह कि मैंने तुम को पाया,  
 इन लाईनों को पढ़े रखा।

English - Hindi  
 Translation by Tazneema Ghazi

## 序

我是如何的誕生？  
 在痛苦中  
 跟其他的人誕生一樣！  
 為何得到這樣的美麗？  
 在痛苦中  
 偕人的面孔一樣。  
 如何達到這個地步：  
 赤着腳來到世界  
 如何一個人到達一個毒蠻的城市，  
 如何找到了這個城市？  
 非常困難  
 如何找到一個朋友一樣。  
 我找到了你們。  
 找到了讀這首詩的讀者！

English - Chinese  
 Translation by Jacob Liao

## مقدمة

كيف ولدت ؟  
 في عذاب  
 كأيولز الابنان !  
 كيف أصبحت جميلة ؟  
 خلدل الأحزان  
 مثل وجه الابنان  
 كيف وصلت إلى هذا ؟  
 حافية الأقدام  
 كأ يصل الابنان إلى يده المحبوبه  
 كيف وجدت هنا ؟  
 بصعوبه  
 كأن يجد الابنان أصدقاءه  
 كأ وجدتك  
 أيم القاريء بهذه الكلمات !

English - Arabic  
 Translation by Aida Shekib

MOTH-SONG

The light shines from your door  
and I am smoothing my heart down  
as if it were hair.

(We are such plain things--  
growing wings only when  
we need to reach dreams.)

Your draw becomes strong  
and I am mothlike  
beating to get in.

(Hell is not the fire  
the flame, the light--  
hell is the wanting it so much.)

WHAT I MIGHT LOSE

The leaves are raked in piles  
the washing hangs in rows

and I have hours  
to think of your laughter,  
thick enough to fill a house---  
it could cover winter  
like a coat of sunflowers.

Seeing you, I am stunned  
by the panic at what I might lose,  
reach up and move back;  
helpless like a sparrow  
I feel the earth slant  
and pull away.

VISTAS

Some dreams are born already framed  
in gilt plaster, waiting to rest  
in the blue space over beds.

Beyond that white arc  
of a hand pulling curtains  
and touching a face  
a dream can grow wild,  
like a relic of gardens  
now legend, passing color  
through nights that seem gray---  
without stars.





MIMI KAPLAN

If I can stop one heart from breaking  
I shall not live in vain  
If I can ease one life the aching  
Or cool one pain  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again  
I shall not live in vain

Emily Dickinson

First in a series on the people who make The Creative Woman. In this new department we intend to give our readers brief sketches of the remarkable women who have been putting this enterprise together for the past four years.

COMPETENCE, COURAGE AND CARING:  
MIMI KAPLAN

Mimi Kaplan, librarian and university professor has served on the Advisory Council of The Creative Woman since 1977. She has written articles for us on the ways in which children's books have reflected sex-role stereotypes in the larger culture. Her article, "Women in Children's Literature" published in Vol. I, No. 2 in 1977, points to the role of the women's movement in highlighting sexism in children's books.

In another article, "Sneetches, Ooblecks, Grinches, and Gacks" (Vol. III, No. 2, 1979) Mimi explores the appeal of the popular Dr. Seuss books for children.

An article describing her work with breast cancer patients in self-help groups and workshops staffed by peer volunteers was co-authored with Ann Marcou. "Breast Cancer and Peer Counseling" was published in Vol. III, No. 4, in 1980.

Along with providing support for women following breast cancer surgery, Mimi has also made available sound information to women on such controversial and crucial topics as estrogen therapy, diet, mammography, surgical procedures, radiation and chemotherapy in her article, "The Breast Cancer Controversy", (Vol. I, No. 4, 1978).

When Mimi became ill with breast cancer, she characteristically became involved with psychosocial aspects of women struggling with

breast cancer and the education of lay public and professionals. She organized a Seminar at GSU to help women understand better the options available to them in treatment forms, and above all, to learn how to examine themselves and care for themselves.

From this first seminar Mimi went on to become a founder of Y-Me--a breast cancer support organization serving the entire Chicago Metropolitan Area. The staff and trained volunteers of Y-Me all have had breast cancer treatment. They share concerns, feelings and information with each other in a spirit of support and encouragement.

Among the services available through Y-Me, are:

- \* A hotline staffed by trained volunteers.
- \* Educational Meetings for women who have had breast cancer and would like information from experts. These meetings are open to the public and family members and friends are invited to attend. The meetings also include an informal rap session.
- \* Breast cancer workshops offered to groups and organizations use an excellent slide/tape show to

impress women with the importance of early detection, the correct methods of breast self-exam and alternative methods of treatment.

- \* And finally Y-Me organizes support groups which meet periodically in various locations. These meetings are conducted by trained leaders.

For further information or hotline service please call: (312) 747-8496.

Mimi's upbeat spirit, cheerful smile, and energetic insistence that people can DO something about the vicissitudes that flesh is heir to, have been an inspiration to her friends whether they are well or themselves fighting a life-threatening illness. Faced in recent months with a setback, Mimi typically worried about what this would mean to the many women who were counting on her. So she wrote 100 letters urging them not to give up or to stop chemotherapy, to reassure them that she was still actively engaged in the self-help movement for breast cancer patients.

Mimi: we love you, we're proud of you, thanks for your competence, courage and caring.

---

Issue #4 • Fall/Winter 1980 • Two Dollars

A Nationwide Journal

# M. gentle men for gender justice California Men's Gathering

## If Your Friend Gets Raped

## A Call for a Feminist Men's History Poetry Music Celebrating Earth Cycles Directory/Calendar Reviews

M.:gentle men for gender justice is a project of the Regional Young Adult Project, 944 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94102.



Vienna

Dear Helen!

We were very glad to get your warm letter. We are here far from our motherland, far from our parents and our club's sisters, so appearing of a new sister here, in the West, gives us strength, makes our life here lighter. Now we are working very hard with our new feminist magazine, which we called Maria.

We want very much to see you, to speak together about our common problems.

In October we shall get the Russian text of Woman and Russia.

The first number of Maria we have already here, and in October we shall have a new number of this magazine.

We embrace and kiss you! Write us please!

With best wishes to you,  
Natasha Malachovskaya  
Tatiana Mamonova  
Julia Vosnesenskaya

## Letters to the Creative Woman

### LETTERS TO THE CREATIVE WOMAN

The first of what will be a regular feature.

Dear Helen,

I want you to know that I read every word of the latest issue on Coming of Age. I think it is a very fine publication. Reading about the impressions you formed in Europe has given me a clearer idea of what was going on with those women over there.

You're performing a real service.

Dave Crispin,  
Professor of Psychology  
Governors State University

Dear Friends,

I enjoyed, particularly the issue on psychology, but then I've enjoyed every issue, cover to cover. Thank you for your continuing excellence.

For Feminism,  
Jo Ann Evansgardner, Ph.D.  
Chair, Division 35  
Psychology of Women  
American Psychological Assoc.



Irina Tischenko



Julia Vosnesenskaya



Tatjana Goritceva



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January 30, 1980

Dr. Helen Hughes  
Ms. Lynn Strauss  
Governors State University  
Park Forest South, Illinois 60466

Dear Dr. Hughes and Ms. Strauss:

I want you to know how much I have particularly enjoyed your last two issues of The Creative Woman. Although I have kept tabs on the development of your journal for the past several years, it was the issue on energy guest-edited by Beth Hagens which convinced me to order my own subscription. Then, when I had received your recent issue on aging, I became convinced that something has happened on which I must comment.

It seems to me that your journal has evolved a unique style that is at once serious, and gentle, and evocative. Because it has these characteristics (which are far from usual) and because it reveals constantly the array of talent among women in the south suburbs and in the GSU community, I believe that it has and will in the future have a beneficial effect on both the quality of life in the south suburbs, and on the reputation of the university.

With the issues that divide women today, we need you badly. I hope you will prosper as much as you have grown in strength and beauty over the past few years.

Yours sincerely,

*Glenda Bailey-Mershon*  
Glenda Bailey-Mershon, '77



## FROM THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

### COMING HOME

Returning to one's native land after a year's absence induces first a kind of euphoria: the simple fact of being surrounded by people, all of whom speak my language, is deeply, profoundly, comforting. One breathes deeply, relaxes inwardly, remembers Paul Goodman's "Be quiet, heart. Home! Home!"

Then one morning, everything has become usual again. The year so filled with people, places, sights, events, traveling, learning, seems suddenly to have passed as in a dream. Yet, what is changed is, in some subtle way, oneself, and what has shifted, if only slightly, is one's perspective on America. (That may be the best reason to go abroad, after all: to attain enough distance to see one's own country more clearly.) The voices that I hear grandiosely extolling America as the "greatest nation the world has ever seen" sound smug, boring, ignorant, or embarrassing. The United States ranks 14th among the nations of the world in infant mortality rate; alone among the Western nations we still have no national health insurance; the countries of Northern Europe have

a higher per capita income and a higher standard of living than ours; there are no slums in the Netherlands; a new administration in Washington is chopping away at programs for the young, the elderly and the poor; someone was just approved for Deputy Secretary of State who does not know who is the prime minister of South Africa or Zimbabwe, nor what NATO countries oppose nuclear missiles, nor what changes have taken place in the British Labour Party; we are NOT the only people in the world to have a peaceful transfer of political power! Europeans and Canadians do it regularly and manage it in a great deal less time, and with less fuss and expense.

What do I miss about Europe? For starters, I miss waking every morning to the BBC World News--fifteen minutes of genuine uninterrupted reporting followed by fifteen minutes of analysis and interpretation--without advertising. The early morning daily delivery of the International Herald Tribune, Paris Edition, a thin paper with its neat, thorough, intelligent coverage, culled from the New York Times and the Washington Post. The civility and social consciousness of the Dutch people and their government. In spite of the technological capability of our immense media industry here in the United States, it is, paradoxically, harder here to find out what is going on. It is like sloshing through the Everglades to find it, hidden in swamps of advertising and dense thickets of publicity, sensationalism and hype.

What I am reporting here is in no way a "European perspective." Europeans are caught in a dependency-hostility ambivalence toward the United States; the big and powerful are rarely loved, yet Europe knows they need our military and economic strength, they are both critical and scornful, and smile when they complain "When Washington gets a cold, Europe sneezes."

Rather, this is the testimony of an American Abroad, with the complex consciousness that that implies. Events of the past two decades have placed me somewhere between a disappointed idealist and a heart-broken patriot. Indeed, we could be better than we are. In Europe I was stirred by examples of grandeur of the human spirit, thrilled to find that the noble figures of history are not a lost species: they are living among us on this planet at this very hour. Let me name my candidates for your consideration:

Where does one look for statesmanship of the highest order?

Look at ROBERT MUGABE, the George Washington of Zimbabwe, who has so far succeeded in bringing together previously warring groups, black and white, into one army and one nation. Combining vision, political sophistication and courage, he has convinced white farmers not to leave while he moved toward agrarian reform in a context of reconciliation and firm commitment to a rule of due process of law.

defy and laugh at the preposterous charges that were brought against him. I attended on the 12th and 13th of May, 1980, an Emergency Conference on Shcharansky held in Amsterdam. It featured a brilliant panel. Representative Robert Drinan was there, (just exiled from Congress by the Pope) reporting that Sakharov had said to him "Only the Christians of America can save the Jews of Russia." Of the three million Jews in Russia, 225,000 have emigrated in the new exodus. Andy Young talked about the tragedy of Mandela in South Africa. Ramsey Clark quoted Hugo Grotius, the Dutch author of the idea of universal human rights in the 16th century. Lord Eric Avebury quoted John Stuart Mill. Bayard Rustin gave the most moving performance when he sang his re-written version of an old slave song "Oh, Freedom!" Rustin stressed that indifference is the problem; that indifference is a tragedy, a judgement and a punishment. "This conference" he said, "is about memory. Do we remember? Shall we remember? It is about indifference. To remember is to create and to forget is to die." Rustin related the Jewish experience to the black experience, saying that "it brought redemption to us" because "the Mississippi was not our river--Jordan was our river, and Washington was not our city--Jerusalem was our city"..."Not to have remembered the Jewish experience would have delayed our own freedom."

## 'Africa Can Be Saved—or Destroyed'

Where does one look for an example of personal integrity and indestructibility?

ANATOLY and AVITAL SHCHARANSKY were separated the day after their marriage in Moscow on July 4, 1973. Avital emigrated to Israel, expecting her husband to follow. Anatoly, a Jewish activist and monitor of the Helsinki accords on human rights, is serving a 13-year sentence in a remote Soviet prison for "treason." Anatoly is a man who could not be broken; throughout his faked up trial, during his six months of "interrogation" by the KGB at Lubyanka, he continued to



Anatoly Shcharansky

Avital Shcharansky

Avital, a small and quiet woman, suggests at first look a shy girl, a timid deer with large, pleading eyes. In fact, she is made of a very special kind of sinew, nerve, dedication and will, which has carried her around the Western world in an uninterrupted struggle to gain the release of her husband. She is a woman who is wholly immersed in the struggle to bring Anatoly out to freedom. Avital gave me her gentle smile, as she inscribed for me her book Next Year in Jerusalem with the words "in hope."

Shcharansky, chessmaster, mathematician, computer expert, Jew, human rights activist, prisoner--pounds on our door. Avital will not let us close our ears. If we do so, we do so at our own peril.

Where does one look for an example of the classic labor leader?

In LECH WALESA who every day displays again his ability to stand and guide the vast vessel which is the aroused national will of the working people of Poland through those expected straits of the bureaucratic totalitarian rocks of the communist state. It is a breathtaking display of courage, leadership and faith. The joke going around Europe is that Karl Marx finally got two minutes of time on Moscow radio, and began: "Workers of the world: forgive me!..."

Where does one look for the visionary yet sober planning of the original United Nations founders at Dunbarton Oaks... ?

In the Brandt Report: NORTH SOUTH: A PROGRAMME FOR SURVIVAL. The Report of the Independent Commission on International Development Issues. This report addresses the problems of inequality in the world. Hundreds of millions of people live on the edge of starvation in the Southern Hemisphere. If the industrialized countries of the Northern Hemisphere are to survive they must imagine, design, and implement a response. This is a political and an economic report, containing the means by which the world economy can escape the perils

of our time. It is the first document of its kind, involving a group of influential Western, OPEC and third world leaders, who agreed unanimously on a plan of action. This report offers us hope within our lifetime. Why has so little attention been paid to it?

---

## The Brandt Report: Sunk Without Trace?

---

Let me repeat that after a year in Europe, my deep, deeper than words, identification with my country is salted with shame. The Brandt Report reminds us that the United Nations resolved one decade ago that developed nations would commit one percent of their gross national product for the net transfer of resources to developing countries; official assistance would be targeted at 0.7 per cent. The United States did not commit itself to this target. Most industrialized countries gave a disappointing record--0.35 percent of GNP in 1978. The Scandinavian countries and little Netherlands, on the other hand, exceeded their target. The OPEC countries far exceeded their target and contributed nearly 3% of their GNP. The U.S. contribution has fallen from 0.5 in 1960 to 0.27 percent in 1980. Also disappointing are the records of Germany, Japan, and the Soviet Union.

To conclude, I'm glad to be home again. It's wonderful to see my friends, children and grandchildren, to return to work, to have work to do, to be part of the ongoing effort, joy and struggle of this life. Readers should know that as the Reagan administration turns away from the concerns of the third world, away from a commitment to human rights and social justice, this publication will direct its small voice toward a more international consciousness. Contributions are solicited for "Women in

the Third World", deadline June 21, 1981.

There is a big world out there. Wonderful as well as terrible things are happening. We are all connected by a fragile and precious thread. We will attend to these matters and survive--or remain indifferent and perish.

Helen E. Hughes, Editor

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Crocuses blooming through the snow....snow flowers



Photograph by Joe Martin

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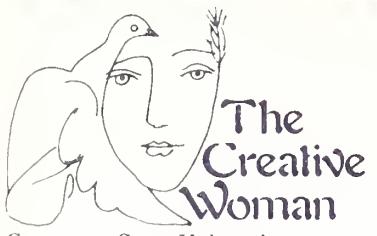
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